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Passengers conveyed to any part of the
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Will meet any train when requested.

Fare to and from station—25 cents.

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Beautiful and Elegant are our Gold
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A large variety of steel, nickel, white
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Engagement and wedding rings. La-
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Lodge pins (Masonic, Odd Fellows, Roy-
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spectacles and eye glasses. We sell
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Sewing Machine

STANDS AHEAD OF ALL OTHERS

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Having sold over 400 in 1881, 1882 and
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People of Accomac Appreciate Its Merits

I can sell you other machines for less
price, Singer pattern, drop leaf and two
drawers, for \$25.00; Wilson, Domestic,
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come and see me, or write to me, and I
WILL SELL YOU ANY MACHINE
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of Furniture, Pictures Framed, or
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TRIMMINGS for sale.

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—Wholesale—

Confectioners, Fritters

—AND—

FANCY GROCERS.

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of the VALLEY MUTUAL LIFE
and VIRGINIA FIRE AND MAR-
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make frequent visits to Accomac
and will be glad to have the patron-
age of those desiring their risks
carried by good companies. All
communications promptly attended to.

Respectfully,
G. G. SAVAGE, Agent,

Eastville, or Shady Side, North-
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Monuments,
Headstones,
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Of New and Beautiful Designs in Marble and
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314 South Charles Street,
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Fruit and Ornamental Trees

Be in time! Don't fail to write
a postal to Perdue & Co., for their
price list of all kinds of trees and
plants for spring 1887.

As soon as you read this write us
a postal stating what you want.
You will be surprised at our low
prices.

Nurserymen and dealers will find
our wholesale prices low.

Always state what you want. We
have our plants in cellar ready for
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The Parsons June Peach is one of
the earliest peaches known and
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ACCOMAC C. H., VA.

Fruit and Trucking lands, improved
and unimproved of 50, 100, 250, 500 and
600 acres eligible located on the line of
the N. Y., P. & N. R. R., NOW for sale
cheap.

Also, four-acre side farms with oysters,
fish and wild fowl privileges unsur-
passed on easy terms.

And town lots for business men at
the new stations on the railroad constantly
on hand at reasonable rates. Send for
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ALL WORK GUARANTEED.

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quires much time. P. O. Box 110.

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The undersigned has for sale a large
stock of trees and plants, as follows:
PEACH TREES embracing all the
leading varieties.

APPLE, PEAR, CHERRY, PLUM
and QUINCE TREES of every kind
that are best adapted to the peninsula.

BLACKBERRY and RASPBERRY
plants.

Large assortment of GRAPE VINE,
etc., etc.

My nursery is situated on the line of
the Great Peninsula Railroad, so that
there is no transferring of stock. It is
packed one day and in the hands of my
Accomac friends the next.

Mr. John G. Fligg of Keller, is my
agent for Accomac, to whom all commu-
nications should be addressed.

CALEB BOGGS,
Moornton, Delaware.

E. G. Polk. E. H. Benson

Polk & Benson,
MERCHANT TAILORS,

PCCOMOKE CITY, MD.

E. G. Polk will visit Drummondtown
every County Court with a full and
choice line of samples of suitings,
pantaloonings, &c., of the newest and
latest designs of home and foreign
manufacture.

Our motto. "No fit, no sale."

Thanking the public for past favors,
we solicit a continuance of the same for
the new firm.

Respectfully,
POLK & BENSON,
successors to
E. G. Polk & Co.

Tazewell Hotel,

CAPE CHARLES CITY, VA.,

F. J. HANCOCK, PROPRIETOR.

Board per day - - \$1.50.

Board by month at reasonable
rates.

First-class bar attached.

POCOMOKE CITY

MARBLE WORKS

—All kinds of—

Plain and Ornamental

MAPBLE WORK,

SLATE and MARBLE MANTELS
IRON RAILING, GALVAN-
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AUSTIN, FIELDS & CO.,
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Jobbers and Manufacturers of

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Mail orders promptly attended to.

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MILLS,

Temperanceville, Va.

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The public will please take no-
tice that the mill property desig-
nated above, which formerly be-
longed to Mr. D. H. Dennis, is now
owned by the undersigned who will
continue to do business at the old
stand, and will endeavor to give
entire satisfaction to all who
may favor him with their custom.
Thanks for former patronage. Fu-
ture favors solicited.

Respectfully, &c.,
JOSEPH H. JONES.

ACT NOW.

Is there some noble deed that you may do?

Some point to gain on high,
Act now, and thus unto thyself be true,
To-morrow you may die.

Is there some cheering word that you may speak?

White day is passing by?
Go, let that precious word the silence break,
To-morrow you may die.

Is there some grievous wrong that you may right?

Go, hush some deep-drawn sigh,
Remember, while so swiftly comes the night,
To-morrow you may die.

Go, your sweet heart into some wounded heart;

Go, wipe some tearful eye;
Let not the act undone with day depart,
To-morrow you may die.

Yes, go and make your peace with God and man

Ere on your couch you lie;
Secure a crown of life, its wisdom's plan,
To-morrow you may die.

G. W. Crofts, in later Ocean.

THE TELEPHONE GIRL.

"Well," said Roland Wayne, when
he came into his office, after several
days' illness, with a wretched
neuralgia, which afflicted him when-
ever the east wind blew, "you got
some one for the telephone—did
you, Burns?"

"Yes, sir," the clerk replied.

"The young lady has been here
since Tuesday."

"Young lady!" exclaimed Mr.
Wayne, testily. "Why did you get
a woman? A broker's office is no
place for a woman."

"Why, you see, sir," said Burns,
with an obvious embarrassment
and apprehensive glances toward a
light oak partition, behind which
the new operator sat in conceal-
ment, "you didn't say anything
about that—that only Mr. Richards
had his hands full with the wires,
and that there'd have to be some
one to take charge of the telephone;
so I—"

"That is just like you, Burns,"
said Mr. Wayne stamping back into
his private office. "Any one else
would have known better."

"Why, you see, sir," said Burns,
defensively, as he followed him
back, "I didn't think it would make
much difference. The young lady is
very capable and she seemed to
want the place so badly. She is
very poor, sir, and supports her
mother. I know something about
her, you see."

"Oh! Some flame of yours, I sup-
pose, Burns! Very nice arrange-
ment for you, no doubt."

"I beg pardon, sir," said Burns,
in an offended manner, "I am a
married man."

"By Jove! so you are!" said Rol-
and Wayne, with a laugh. "I had
forgotten that. Though," he added,
"make a difference. Well, try her,
anyhow. Where is the mail, please?"

"I tell you what, Burns," one of
the other clerks observed, when
that individual finally emerged
from Mr. Wayne's office, "the boss
is in a fly humor, isn't he?"

"He's all right," Burns answered,
warmly. "He has given me a ticket
to Atlantic City and two days off."

The clerk whistled.

"Why, I thought he was going
to take your head off."

"You don't know him. I am sure
it is no shame to a man whose
nerves are always twinging with
neuralgia if he loses his temper now
and then."

Roland meanwhile had taken up
his pen and was writing a lengthy
account of Brisket's new deal in P.
Y. and M.

"If the cat jumps this way," he
said, in conclusion, "the bears have
got him sure. Danbury is on our
side. He has given Brisket the
cold shoulder, and if I'm not mis-
taken, somebody will get wofully
left. I don't intend that it shall be
I. If everything goes as I think it
will, I shall pocket \$200,000, and
then I am going to get out of the
brokerage business. It doesn't suit
me, and my health is so poor that
I must get away somewhere or I
shall go to pieces."

"I beg pardon, sir," said a soft,
tremulous voice at his elbow, "I am
Miss Archer, Mr. Wayne."

Roland dropped his pen, and rose
politely as he saw a slight, graceful
figure in black standing before him.

"Be seated, Miss Archer," he
said, with a smile which no man
could have withheld when he saw
the fairness of her young face and
that shy, sweet flush on her cheeks.
"What can I do for you?"

"I am the telephone operator,"
she began, rapidly, and with a ner-
vousness she could not conceal. "I
could not help hearing what you
said to Mr. Burns a little while
ago, and—I came to say that if you
are not satisfied to have me stay in
the office you need only say so."

"Not satisfied?" Roland echoed,
in manifest confusion. "Well,
really, you know I have not given
you a trial; and as to what I said a
little while ago I am sorry, Miss
Archer. I am afraid you will have
to set it down to neuralgia. I am
quite willing to have you stay, if
you will."

"You are very kind," she said,
lacing and unlacing her fingers in
some confusion. "I should like to
stay—indeed, it is very important
that I should have this position, or
something else. But if what you
say is true—if a broker's office is
no place for a woman—I—I think
I would rather not stay."

How Roland Wayne abused him-
self when he thought of his careless
words, and then marked how her
lips quivered, how her eyelids
drooped to keep back the unshed
tears!

"I think I spoke too hastily, Miss
Archer," he said. "A lady's place
is where she makes it. We are not
a lot of savages," he added, with a
warm smile. "If you remain here

I think I can insure you courteous
and considerate treatment on the
part of every one in this office. If
I am not accorded you, you have
only to inform me, and I will know
the reason why."

"You are very kind," said Miss
Archer, with a bright, fleeting
smile. "I should like to stay. I
really cannot afford to resign my
position."

"Then stay, by all means," said
Roland.

And, to the edification of his
clerks, he got up and opened the
door for her when she went out.

After that he often caught him-
self listening to the soft, yet dis-
tinct voice in another room hold-
ing conversations over the phone.

When he was at home, with one
of his attacks of neuralgia, and had
to communicate with the office, he
would often remark how well
he could hear Miss Archer's voice,
and how the others' ebbed away
like a babel of sound.

"Burns did a fine thing when he
got that girl in the office," he mused
one day, when he was kept a pris-
oner very inopportunistically. "I don't
know what we'd do without her—
now especially. It's bad enough as
it is. I couldn't have had this at-
tack at a worse time. But I guess
everything is all right. Danbury's
good for any amount this side of a
million. By Jove, though, it would
be long on me if anything went
wrong now! It would clean me out
completely."

He was walking up and down the
room, trying to repress the nervous
agitation which attacked him.

"Seven o'clock," he said, glanc-
ing at the time. "The office is
closed long ago. In another hour
Brisket will sign over those bonds,
and then—Hello! what's that?"

The shrill alarm of the telephone
summoned him across the room.

"There is no one at the office,"
he thought, taking up the receiver.
"Wonder what's up now? Hello!
Wayne! Who are you?"

"It is Helen Archer, Mr. Wayne,"
said a voice which he knew quite
well.

"Why, what are you doing in
the office at this time of night?" he
exclaimed involuntarily.

"I am not at the office—that is,
not at your office. I am at the
Central station. Can you hear
me?"

"Yes."

"I have something important to
tell you. Our wire got crossed with
Mr. Brisket's to-day, and I could
hear every word said over it. I
could not understand what they
were talking about, only Mr. Bris-
ket said—"

"Danbury!" exclaimed Wayne,
in great excitement.

"They were talking about bonds,
and said a lot of things I couldn't
comprehend; but at last your name
was mentioned. This will put
Wayne in a hole. Mr. Brisket said,
'Yes,' said Mr. Danbury, 'I'll bury
him alive. It is a good thing he's
shelved to-night. There is no dan-
ger at all,' said Brisket, 'if you don't
go back on me. There will be a
new deal all around, and we'll boost
the market over Wayne's head.'
Do you hear what I say?" she in-
terrupted.

"Yes, yes!" Wayne said, excited-
ly. "What else?"

"Nothing more that I could un-
derstand, except that they were to
meet at 8 o'clock. I came here
because I was afraid to talk from
the office. I thought some one
might get on our wire, and I have
you here direct. That's all. Good
by."

For Roland Wayne to dress and
leave the house was a matter of a
very short time after he had re-
ceived the message from Helen
Archer. His illness and the dan-
ger of exposure were quite forgot-
ten.

He was present, very unexpect-
edly to Mr.